Why well ſaid. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunſome?

Kin. Who hath ſent thee now?

Her. The Conſtable of *France*.

Kin. I prethy beare my former anſwer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mock good fellows
The man that once did ſell the Lions skin, (thus?
While the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your realme of *France*:
Tho buried in your dunghils, we ſhalbe famed,
For there the Sun ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
The ſmel wherof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*:
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes forth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye:
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tel me, yet ere night
Thayle be in freſher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French ſouldiers eares,
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they do this,
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone be leuied.

Saue thou thy labour Herauld:
Come thou no more for ranſom, gen
They ſhall haue nought I ſweare, bu
Which if they haue, as *I* wil leaue am
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Conſta
Her. *I* ſhall deliuer ſo.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my
The leading of the vaward.

Kin. Take it braue *Yorke*. Come ſo
And as thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the

Enter the foure French Lo

Ge. O diabello.

Conſt. Mor du ma vie.

Or. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone,

Con. We are inough yet liuing in t
To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more
And he that will not follow *Burbon* n
Let him go home, and with his cap in
Like a bace leno hold the chamber do
Why leaſt by a ſlaue no gentler then
His faireſt daughter is contamuracke
Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoyld vs, ri
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp o
Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with f
Come, come along,
Lets dye with honour, our ſhame dot

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.22)